The Hunger

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The Hunger

by EarthsickWithoutYou

Summary

Will asks Hannibal why he just leaned in and smelled him during the infamous scene. That's when Hannibal realizes that the true answer is not one of manipulation and scheming, like he'd been telling himself. No sooner does this dawn on him than he lets it come tumbling from his lips in a rare display of shocking honesty. Once this particular bottle is uncorked, there's no way to contain what spills out...

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

"Tell me what you need, oh, you look so free
The way you use your body, baby, come on and work it for me
Don't let 'em get you down, you're the best thing I've seen
We never found the answer but we knew one thing
We all have a hunger…

You make a fool of death with your beauty, and for a moment
I forget to worry"
-Florence and the Machine

"Take a trip
Trip up to the sun
While our bodies are one
And we play in our minds
Cause it's our blood
And it fills up the sky
Off the bridges we fly…

I want to bleed
And feed us forever
But I want to feed
The hunger inside"
-Bat for Lashes

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"Did you just *smell* me?"

Will blinked slowly, confused and weirded out, if he was honest. Maybe something else, lingering in the tastebuds of his mind, something he was afraid to admit.

Hannibal actually blushed, which he never did. Will felt as if he'd caught the therapist doing something he was trying to hide.

The older man said awkwardly, in attempt to smooth this over, "Difficult to avoi–"

"*Why?* Why did you smell me, Dr. Lecter?"

Will spoke urgently, in a low voice that stripped the armor from Hannibal's mysterious gaze. Hannibal swallowed hard, and then let go.

"Because I wanted to," he admitted frankly. "Simple, irresistible proximity, the warmth of your body. Your soft, pale skin, the unknowing elegance of your pensive profile."

Will's cheeks flushed in amazement. "Then what do I….smell like?"

"Like terrible aftershave."

They both laughed.

Hannibal smiled, stepping just a little closer, although he had already been hovering beside Will at a distinctly inappropriate and line-crossing nearness.

“But beneath that,” he mused, “A fevered sweetness. Almost too sweet, like sugared, candied fruit, intoxicating.”

“Still see me as the hunter mongoose? Or a fragile little teacup?” Will’s words were a challenge, yet his eyes were full of aching, confused questions.

And Hannibal wanted to protect every ache in Will. He wanted them all for his own keeping. He didn’t know if either of them would survive this, if he didn’t get what he wanted.

To Will’s spoken question, he replied, “The truth of you sheds a glimmer over both metaphors, but that’s the last thing on my mind at the moment.”

Will’s brow creased. How could the boy be this perplexed?

“What are you…” His voice drifted off, baffled, soft, gently bewildered.

Hannibal could hear that honeyed Southern accent of Will’s boyhood slipping over the words as the younger man’s anxious fascination mounted. His fingers ached to grip Will, his skin and bones, his body and soul, all that Will was and could be. To hold on and make it so that Will would never get away, or want to.

“I’m still thinking about you,” Hannibal said. “Wide eyes so full of danger and compassion. Your brilliant mind, the iridescent wonder of your marvelous empathy.”

“Aw, c’mon now.” Will blushed and fiddled with that rather absurd little vest he was wearing. Hannibal decided that should be the first to go, when he started tearing clothes off of this beguiling creature.

Hannibal did not dignify Will’s humble attempt to evade compliments. It only made him press on more devotedly.

“And while I’ve spent an unreasonable and highly distracting amount of time admiring your lovely, enticing body, at the moment I am entranced by your…mouth. That wickedly tempting mouth. May I?”

“I guess…” Will gulped, then took a deep breath and let it out, stopping his fidgeting. “Yes.”

He gazed at Hannibal, his eyes still asking. *‘You really want me? On purpose?’*

Oh, Will. Buried under years of disbelief in his own worth, even as he outshone all other mere mortals just by *existing* in all of his terrifying, enthralling complexities.

He traced Will’s lips slowly. “Full. Pink. So soft. You’ve been biting at them, and I wish I could. More tempting than the first plump and ripe strawberries of spring. You can see that I’m in a bit of a predicament.”

Will, entirely flustered, blurted, “Because you’re my therapist? Is this a form of unconventional therapy, doctor? Sorry, I – don’t even know why the hell I said that. I don’t know what to say. I’m uhhh…nervous.”

“It can be unconventional therapy,” Hannibal smirked, getting closer with slow, sly steps. “Our own secret course of treatment.”

“Our little secret,” Will repeated.

“Yes.”

“Don’t you think we, um,” Will fumbled for words as Hannibal stalked towards him more definitively, the gleam in his eyes no longer teasing but hungry. So hungry.

Will took a few steps back, like a spooked deer in headlights.

“I mean, Jack wouldn’t approve.”

Hannibal tilted his head slightly, narrowing his amber eyes. “Are you truly thinking about Jack Crawford, the FBI, work and the rules right now, Will?”

“I guess not…”

“In your attempts to find excuses not to give into my admittedly shameless, forward comments, I noticed you raised no objection to my being a man.”

Will shook his head. “B-because I have no objection, that’s not a problem at all.”

“Then neither is this.” Hannibal pressed tightly against him, using the force of his larger frame to easily pin Will back against the ladder, hands above his head, guided there by a strong grip. Then, the therapist leaned in and kissed Will, only a few fluttery, soft beginning ones before the kiss deepened.

Hannibal quickly became ravenous, voracious. He sighed against Will’s lips after kissing them red, and then he used the tip of his tongue to firmly ease inside. Will’s tongue met his tentatively, but only at first. Then they were sharing wet, bruising kisses full of tongue and teeth. No room for patience, only passion. The immensity of how much they both wanted this had never occurred to either until it was happening.

When Hannibal let Will’s hands go, it was to start almost ripping his clothes off, and Will’s fingers shot to the therapist’s belt as he moaned, panting wantonly.

Hannibal tossed aside Will’s vest, and was about to do the same to his patient’s shirt, but he paused like a man possessed at the feeling of Will unbuckling him, unzipping, that this had been what Will wanted first, as soon as he had Hannibal.

The older man finished his original task, threw Will’s shirt on the floor and stepped back, letting Will off the ladder and watching with a thundering heartbeat that pounded through his whole being, right down to his throbbing cock. Watched Will go down on his knees, his

cheeks rosy and his hair curlier from the sweat of excited desire. Hannibal's lust was volcanic as the sight of his beautiful patient's eager submission made him unhinged.

Impatiently, Will tugged Hannibal's pants down, then more gently peeled down his silk briefs, already almost soaked with precum.

Hannibal was dripping and so hard that when Will took his briefs down, his cock bounced free, flushed and thick. He watched Will's eyes widen as the boy's pretty pink tongue flicked out to lick his lips at the sight. Watched Will's throat bob in nervous intimidation, but this only lasted a few moments. Then Will put those gorgeous blue eyes on Hannibal's whisky-brown ones, maintaining hard contact, which he normally never did. So much for avoiding eyes at all costs. And he began to lick and suck.

This would have been heady and intoxicating enough anywhere. Hannibal intended to have Will at his home soon, in bed with his satin sheets and many wicked toys in easy reach, but this –

Right here, in his serious, elegant office, Will knelt on the rug when this was a therapy session and he was supposed to be working with Hannibal to heal his fractured sanity. Instead, they were both choosing to shatter one another, and it would be an addiction. Hannibal could see how he had already been consumed by Will and lying to himself in thinking he could keep hiding it. He'd always want Will. Will was the one.

Hannibal groaned huskily as Will cupped his balls and gently rolled them in his hand, staring up at the older man while he put his lips on the side of Hannibal's cock in a prolonged kiss. Holding the position with his mouth, he slid his hands up the therapist's bare thighs, then moved that wet kiss up and down the full length of Hannibal.

Will's long, dark lashes batted, his flirtation and devoted oral sex equal parts nervous, hopeful attempts to please. and desperate, passionate arousal to match Hannibal's own. How could anyone be this perfect?

When the profiler dipped his head to lick and lightly suck Hannibal's balls, he used the slick of precum and spit on the doctor's throbbing dick to stroke him all the while. The older man's heated, hushed but intense grunts and moans urged him on, fueling Will's infatuated ambition.

Hannibal put his hands on Will's face, framing that angelic beauty in his powerful, murderous fingers. And he watched as Will's hands fell away in surrender, no longer trying to alternate strokes and sucks or control the way this would be. He smiled cherubically and opened his mouth, a sweet invitation eagerly accepted.

Will moaned in pleasure as Hannibal began to fuck his face while clasping it firmly. He kept Will where he wanted as he thrust, which began as short, quick, more shallow slides and soon built to deep, plunging ones.

Will was such a very good boy. Hannibal could see he was a bit alarmed at the huge cock shoved into his mouth over and over, whether from a fear of actually choking, or not being able to quickly swallow the precum as it dripped into his mouth so generously. It must be

difficult to concentrate on remaining still and obedient, plus swallowing the sticky, pearly essence of Hannibal's desire and not worrying as the uncommonly large cock glided right to his throat.

But Will just kept being perfect. He dealt with it all with such resilience and dedication, it tore Hannibal apart all over again. No one had ever taken his cock so well, and many blow jobs he had received over the years had stopped before he could find release, as lovers wanted to "try something else," worn out or frightened by the challenge of fitting him and taking it deep and hard the way Hannibal needed it.

Will held on, his hands politely pressed to his own knees as Hannibal roughly fucked his mouth. The boy's innocent choking sounds were erotic and unbelievably beautiful, but even more so were his moans, vibrating over the wet, hot length of Hannibal every time the therapist plunged shamelessly in and out…in and out…

He started to really fuck Will's sweet mouth, the way he'd fuck Will's ass, savage and hard. Will kept moaning, and more tears cascaded down his pretty cheeks while they turned from pink to scarlet with the pained exertion, the proud, hard work he so delighted in putting into this.

Realizing that his pleasure was enough of a reward to make Will happy, totally happy, Hannibal broke again, in his emotions, in his body's ability to hold back this limitless passion.

He pulled out of the boy's lips with a wet pop, shivering at the sudden loss of that satin tongue and the warm, tight welcome Will gave him, even to the point of pain and possible danger. A line of saliva ran from Will's lips to the head of Hannibal's cock, and the older man cupped Will's cheek, using his thumb to brush it into Will's mouth. Will sucked the spit and precum off Hannibal's finger, making the therapist moan deep in his throat.

"Go and sit in your chair," Hannibal ordered, breathing heavily, sweat beading his brow as his neatly styled hair now flicked over one eye messily. "Take your pants and underwear off. Wait for me."

"Anything you want," Will nodded, almost unable to form words that weren't moans.

He obeyed, neatly and nicely, and Hannibal watched while Will's ugly khakis and plain grey boxer briefs slipped off, along with the navy wool socks, as if the boy was worried about looking silly with only socks on.

Hannibal simply needed to give Will the right socks to reverse this way of thinking. As he stared greedily at the naked angel before him, lithe and toned, firm, hard, smooth, and yet soft with curves in all the right places, he imagined a pair of white sweater-knit, thigh-high socks. The idea of a lingerie to accompany this momentarily warred with the thought of Will wearing the socks with one of Hannibal's white dress shirts. He liked that even better.

"You're so perfect," said Hannibal throatily, kneeling before Will, swiftly undoing his own tie, unbuttoning his waistcoat, casting off his jacket, vest and shirt as if the designer's tailored attire meant nothing, because now it did mean nothing.

It was only fabric between them, something to keep them apart, which his hammering heartbeat wanted no part of anymore.

“I’m so not,” Will quivered, staring just as sinfully at his therapist, now nude before him, worshiping at his feet. “You are.”

Ocean eyes drank in the sight of Hannibal’s bulging muscles and hairy chest, the broad, powerful frame and slender waist, how the older man was so uncomfortably, insistently hard that he had to stroke himself a few times for a bit of relief – just so that he could keep concentrating.

And he must concentrate, for what he was doing was so important. He knew that no one had ever given Will a proper blow job, would have known even without the brief and maddening hints the boy occasionally dropped about his unsatisfying and infrequent ‘excuse for a sex life.’

Will’s cock was as stunning as the rest of him; it stood at bold attention, beaded with pearly need and blushing rosy red like the boy’s adorable face. His shocked responsiveness proved Hannibal’s theory that this was the first time he'd been sucked by someone totally devoted to his pleasure, drunk on the taste and heat of him, obsessively in lust and love, determined to swallow him whole and down him like a strong liquor, over and over.

Hannibal worked the boy expertly, wasting no time with teasing (that could wait for another time, and would be well worth the wait).

He was enthralled by Will’s startled gasps as he bobbed his head in a steady tempo, sucking and licking, taking Will as deep as he could, then holding it longer than most people could – his reward came swiftly, as Will clutched his silver-strewn hair in one hand and the arm of the chair with the other (the chair Will had sat in so many times with tentatively friendly formality; this was driving Hannibal *beyond* crazy…!).

The younger man’s hips jutted wildly upwards, fucking into Hannibal’s freely offered mouth haphazardly, too far gone to worry about hurting his lover. The more Hannibal choked on him with blissful skill, the more Will shook and let out short, stabbing moans which kept getting louder.

Will came right down Hannibal’s throat, moaning more loudly than ever, "*Oh, Dr. Lecter!*" in the most tenderly whorish tone imaginable.

Hannibal’s already rigid cock got even harder at this, dripping more precum on the expensive, rare antique rug. He didn’t care about the mess, or even the volume of Will’s gorgeously slutty, shocked cries. They were about to get messier, louder, past obscene and inappropriate. Time to see what lay beyond and explore it thoroughly.

“*Fuck,* oh God, oh, God, oh-God, *oh-God,* what’re you doing to me, what am I doing, this is…*oh, Jesus*.”

Will’s face was soaked in tears and his cheeks were crimson, his luscious curls twirled beguilingly over his brow, damp with perspiration.

His cock was actually still hard even as the deliciously bittersweet taste of his copious release flavored Hannibal's sophisticated and much-pleased palate.

Will was so turned on that he didn't soften much at all as a few long moments trickled by with Hannibal's arms around him, hugging him and soothing his tense, overwhelmed state.

The boy clung to the naked therapist, both needing the comfort and finding his desire amplified once again by the warm, rugged strength of Hannibal's nude form. Hannibal's warm kisses trailed all over his face, until the older man clasped his face again and devoured his lips with deep, searching kisses.

"We're gonna ruin your office," Will fussed, trembling at Hannibal's every touch and kiss, "And I'm too damn loud…"

"Yes. You are. The door is locked and no one else is scheduled to come for hours. But if someone happens to step into the waiting room and hear us, then let them listen. How could they do anything but envy me? I love your *'too loud,'* so please don't stop by any means, darling boy."

Will blushed even more at the praise and pet name, the reference to their age difference and uneven power dynamic that seemed to deepen it, enlarge it somehow. His heart hammered against Hannibal's as the therapist guided him up out of the chair, pulling Will's fragile, strong, youthful, wearied, exquisite body to his own.

The boy's head dropped shyly onto Hannibal's shoulder as the older man's hands lazily caressed his bare back, moving slowly lower. Will's lips burned against Hannibal's neck and shoulder with meek but heartfelt little kisses, and among them the whispered words, "I love you."

"What was that?" Hannibal had stiffened at the confession, making Will fear the emotional part of this was unreciprocated. He couldn't possibly guess that the words had struck the therapist with a lightning bolt of previously undreamed-of happiness.

"I'm sorry, got carried away," Will shook his head, regretting the most special and deliriously perfect words Hannibal had ever heard.

"Darling, sweetheart, baby," Hannibal murmured, finding himself wild with the adoring wish to keep making Will's praise kink flair, yet the sweet names were also true.

They no longer seemed like idiotic lover's prattle, as he thought before Will, never bothering with any sentiments when taking a partner to bed.

Will's touch deprivation rendered him unbearably sensitive to Hannibal's exploration of him. That made Hannibal touch him more boldly, needing to send Will over the edge as many times as he could. The boy's emotional touch deprivation made him cry at the unexpected kindness and affection.

"You don't have to," Will insisted, "I just–"

Hannibal kissed every tear away, then wrapped the boy tightly in his arms, placing kiss after searing kiss on those warm, sumptuous lips. Their tongues slid blissfully together as Hannibal slowly groped, caressed and squeezed Will's stunning ass.

And what an ass it was. Hannibal never considered himself a man to allow lust to contort his iron-clad defenses into vulnerable desperation. But he had never been able to help his lingering gazes at Will's physique from the first time they met to this moment. Will's ass was pert, plump and soft, pale and innocent-looking like the rest of him, about to be taken to extremes and utterly wrecked, like the rest of him.

"Oh, God, that feels good," Will groaned, dissolving into every kiss. "You feel so good… please, I need…"

"I know, my angel." Hannibal nodded, gently tucking a curl behind Will's elf-like, adorable ear, "You need more. And you'll have it. Such a good boy for Daddy, aren't you, Will?"

He cocked his head to one side expectantly as Will gasped, surprised and confused for a few moments, before Hannibal felt the cock which was pressed to his own beginning to fill out fully again, twitching eagerly at this suggestive comment.

"Yes, Daddy," Will said dazedly, staring into Hannibal's eyes, needing his approval.

"That's right." Hannibal released him only to order, "Against the ladder, turn around and show me your beautiful ass. I want it, I want *you. Now.*"

"Oh, God," Will said, trembling and following orders, walking on shaky legs and with bashful apprehension but irresistible arousal to the ladder. He wrapped both hands around a rung over his head and arched his back, putting his sensuous, lovely behind on display.

"Yes, darling, you're doing perfectly, but that's no surprise. You can't help yourself. You're always perfect."

Will moaned as Hannibal pressed against him, his thick cock moving with slow, delighted thrusts between the boy's plush cheeks. "You're such a good boy, Will, but this is such a bad, wicked bit of rule-breaking, isn't it? Doing this here and now, unable to wait…"

"Yes, it is." Will nodded, then yelped when Hannibal smacked his ass hard, once again thrilling at the boy's sensitivity. "Oh, yes! Please, please do that again–"

Hannibal obliged, biting Will's neck roughly with a snarl before he pulled his big hand back, his skin lightly calloused from sketching and killing, and spanked Will even harder. The boy rocked against the ladder, finding a way to get a bit of friction on his cock, but Hannibal put a stop to that. "From me, or not at all, sweetheart. Once again, so naughty…"

He nibbled Will's ear, sloppily kissed the boy's neck and absorbed the cute, whimpering answer, "S-sorry, it just feels so good, I can't – control myself, but I'll – try harder."

"Do that," Hannibal commanded, and spanked Will several more times, loving how that pretty ass shook slightly with every slap, and the mark of his own handprint on delicate, ivory

skin. He growled then and groped Will, intensifying the burn of the spanking, teasing the head of his cock against the tight hole he craved.

“But bad boys get treats too, baby, alright?”

Will, perplexed and overwhelmed, nodded shakily. “Anything you want.”

“Perfect.” Hannibal bent down and parted Will’s soft, beautiful ass cheeks, then licked between them, savoring the pink tightness of the boy’s pucker and how Will’s knees instantly went even weaker.

This, too, was something no one had given Will before. Hannibal felt wild at the thought, but more so at Will’s surprised, initially confused response.

“You don’t have to – I don’t know if – oh, *fuck*...” Will’s hands white-knuckled on the ladder and he stuck his ass out more, letting Hannibal get deeper.

As the older man lavished his hot, eager tongue over Will’s slowly relaxing entrance, sucking and moaning in pleasure at the taste and sensation, Will cried out in soft, whining words.

“Dr. Lecter! – oh, God…Daddy…*feels so good*…oh, right there, ohhh–*ah–!*”

Will had just gotten slightly more used to having his ass eaten out when Hannibal used the continually dripping excess of his own precum to lubricate his fingers. He pressed his little finger in first as Will threw his head back and whispered frantically, “*Daddy!*”

The penetration, so seldom experienced and then done by others uncaring and selfishly, would be no such thing with Hannibal. He hissed at the tight, velvet heat of Will inside, how easily Will was made ready for a longer, thicker finger, and then two – his index and middle finger pumping inside and finding the swollen bud of Will’s most precious, vulnerable pleasure…

Will had gone silent, but his mouth hung open in ecstasy, his hands fighting against slippery sweat to hold onto the ladder for dear life.

“Good boy, Will, that’s it…can you handle more?”

“I *need* more.” Will trembled convulsively, and surely would have fallen if it were not for the ladder and Hannibal’s firm hold on him, currently encasing his hip in one hand as his other thrust deep inside…

Smooth, warm, supple and just for him. Hannibal could wait no longer. He wanted to hear the noises Will would make and feel how the boy quivered against him, breaking repeatedly, begging and calling him “Daddy,” almost as much as he wanted finally, finally to *fuck* Will Graham.

“So lovely,” Hannibal murmured into Will’s ear, nipping it and then kissing, biting at the long, elegant neck as Will moved his ass against the therapist’s cock. “So desperate. And naughty. You’ll be *mine*.”

“I *am* yours,” Will sighed, and then the thick head of Hannibal’s big, hard cock breached his wet, lubricated, but still very tight hole.

It had taken nothing more than the excessive and helpful flow of the older man's precum to make the glide this smooth, easy and quickly deep. The animal side of Hannibal preferred it this way, the *natural* way. Even the method of lubrication was another way to mark and claim the boy. *His* boy, and no one else's ever again.

And when Hannibal did slide in, Will let out a moan as if Hannibal had buried a blade in his stomach, dragging it deep and gutting him.

Infinitely aroused, Hannibal clutched Will’s belly and moved deeper, gliding his slick, needy cock further, then to the hilt. Will was soft, pleading and shocked in his arms, under his fiery kisses, his licking, biting, sucking at Will’s neck and shoulders, tugging the boy’s curls and thrusting now, starting a slow but solid, firm rhythm.

“*Ah– hhnaahh–* I can’t, so good, feels so good, I don’t know if I’ll be able to – *fuck, fuck, fuck,*” Will cried, his voice breaking as Hannibal smiled adoringly behind him.

The therapist took Will’s fiercely erect cock in his hand and started pumping in time with the harsh, slamming forward motion of his hips, plunging his cock in and hitting that sweet spot too many times to count.

In and out of Will’s fevered sweetness, the sighing, broken, begging *delight* of him, with his nymph-like curls, his scent of heavenly lust, fear and pleasure, like sun-ripened berries bursting on Hannibal’s tongue while he used it to lave pale, bite-reddened skin.

“You can come,” Hannibal allowed, pumping Will more firmly, “You make me feel so good, my angel, I want to make you come as often as your wonderful little body can take, and then some. So come for me…”

Will shuddered and came all over Hannibal’s hand, making it wetter and easier to stroke as the older man made the orgasm go on well past its peak, a suspended point of mind-melting pleasure. Hannibal groaned, loving the musky scent of Will’s release and the stickiness of it on his hand, the boy’s aching cock, the way Will wailed as Hannibal pushed into oversensitivity by stroking longer than he should.

The knife’s edge of pleasure-pain pierced them both: Will, with the overstimulated euphoria which stopped – by Hannibal’s distracted, but keen observation – before it went too far into the agonized side of this erotic gluttony. And Hannibal, sliced open by *love* for the first time in more years than he could count.

He handled Will with rough expertise. The boy was delicate emotionally, and so sensitive that Hannibal felt a primal, beastly response to each whining, panting moan. Will loved the dominating harshness of Hannibal, too. He would cover this boy in his ownership, fuck him hard and discipline him, give Will a structure to believe in and feel protected by, and then he would spoil his lover with indulgent, long and worshipful aftercare. The whole dream of their life together unfurled before him, endless and magnificent, all he needed.

But there was more.

He would take care of Will, get rid of the now inconvenient and unacceptable encephalitis. And then –

They would meet in the shadows of the night to sink their teeth into the hunt. Hannibal would unbind Will's darkness from inside him and set him free. Will would Become, and the rest of the world should quiver in fear at the mere suggestion.

Hannibal felt humbled in the face of Will's glorious blossoming, especially at being the one to bring it to fruition, but no one could do so with greater love. Even his arrogant confidence became another form of dedication, knowing damn well how to please, arouse and stimulate the amazing man in his smothering embrace, impaled on him and moaning in delight.

"Here, now, I have you, sweet boy." Hannibal guided Will to turn around, then hitched the boy's legs up around his own hips. Will grabbed onto the rails of the ladder above him, using his impressively fit strength to get a good grip. His lustful excitement made him brave and creative, Hannibal marveled admiringly.

He started to make love to Will like this, with the boy gripping the ladder desperately as Hannibal pounded into him, Will's ankles wrapped around his lover's back, the almost impossible position becoming ecstatic. They would both be stiff and aching later, but it was absolutely worth it. And Hannibal looked forward to giving Will a long, attentive massage… during which his hands were highly likely to wander…

For now, he concentrated on their joining, on fucking Will so powerfully that the boy shook and wept his way through a *third* climax, much too sensitive by now to taste even a hint of that shocking pleasure without the accompanying current of pain running alongside it, taking over his body as Hannibal did.

"Shh, shh, you're doing marvelously, Will. I'm so proud of you. Coming three times in Daddy's office, and this time just from my cock…how could any man ask for more? I said you're perfect and nothing could be truer…"

Hannibal's voice was hoarse, his thrusts becoming more chaotic, faster, harder, his balls slapping against Will's ass again and again, the angle making every press in and out of Will's tight heaven deep, sharp, inescapably, excruciatingly intimate, personal, ferociously needy. No shame or reservations to hold either of them back.

The Ripper lost himself inside of Will, coming in long, thick spurts, burying his cock to the hilt and letting his seed warmly fill his beloved, wishing he could stay here and keep marking Will in this way constantly, always.

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When they could do anything at all except stare at each other, breathing hard, laughing in disbelieving joy and Will's continued, endearing bashfulness, Hannibal lifted him up, gently taking him into his strong arms. He carried Will to one of the chairs and sat down with his lover on his lap.

“I’m too heavy,” Will worried, “Don’t hurt yourself.”

“Hush now, we both know you won’t be able to walk for quite some time. Why not have a nice cuddle and rest on Daddy’s lap? Come here, angel, nice and close…”

He tugged a soft, neatly folded blanket down from the back of the leather chair and wrapped it around them.

Will sighed in delirious relief, too happy to be wrapped up in Hannibal’s obsessive love and care, as he had been too sensitive, too loud. He was everything Hannibal Lecter’s dreams were made of, and they were just getting started.

Hannibal scented Will’s hair, kissing his head and his sweaty brow, slowly caressing his back, massaging his aching muscles one by one even as his own strength was gradually returning. It had been quite the strenuous workout for them both.

“So what do we do now?” Will asked, and Hannibal chuckled at his sensible question.

“What *can’t* we do? What *won’t* we do? Are you ready, Will? From this moment forward, we’ll explore all we can become together. The best is yet to come, and then better…” He leaned in and captured Will’s lips in another cherishing kiss. “And better still.”

“Yes, yes, yes,” Will said between kisses, with an almost goofy smile of surprised elation.

Yet Hannibal remembered the blood-spattered agent who looked too grimly satisfied and secretly excited after shooting Garret Jacob Hobbs. And he knew Will inside out, more and more.

How wonderful his boy’s opposite extremes were, both angel and devil, saint and sinner, martyr and monster, always simultaneous. Will at his most sincere was brilliantly genuine in every jewel-like shimmer of beautiful potential.

“Yes, I’m ready,” Will grinned, his sheepish hesitation to accept such love falling away, revealing his happiness as it emerged more boldly.

“Excellent, my darling,” Hannibal purred. Wicked inspirations dripped down the window panes of his memory palace like a rainstorm, shaking his foundations, soaking him in lustful adoration and always, *always* the *hunger*. Finally, he had the lover he'd always craved and feared he would never find, one to share the savage pleasure of the feast.

“Perfect.” He kissed Will’s shoulder as his eyes glistened, brown tinged in red, like blood, light and passion. “We’ll get started right away.”

End Notes

Thanks for reading!

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What If series playlist https://open.spotify.com/playlist/1o4VxY7u83cPboWjnIJRtX?si=da72697d32d44618

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